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Our Pulpit.

THE CHRISTIAN AS CITIZEN.

A SERMON BY REV. O. L. MAILEY, PASTOR OF THE MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH, ABERDEEN, MISS.

"Only let your conversation be as if to the Lord."—Phil. 1:27.
The things that are Caesar's, and I unto God the things that are God's.—Matt. 22:21.
Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God. The powers that be are ordained of God.—Rom. 13:1.

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rays of six thousand years experience, flashing, playing, blazing upon it. The gallery is full of angel spectators, while from the room on the East, comes the noise of disturbance, the discontented rumble of the machinery of war.

We Americans are the learners, and I fancy we will have to be very attentive, or else lose the lesson, for there is no time given to erase errors or correct mistakes. How imperative that we learn as fast, and well as learners can! We may be like the cadets in England's Naval institutions just now, the government has ordered the course of study shortened, so that they may the sooner come to the command of the ships.

We scarcely know which to admire most, the wisdom of God that long concealed this western world, or the wisdom of the people that discovered and peopled it as He did. When the flood-gates of the East were opened, and the pathway across the seas had been pointed out, the multitudes rushed in from various quarters, bringing their varied experiences, and their various notions about life and liberty, and all their conflicting tastes and preferences. So, this last experiment is both more difficult and on a larger scale than any previous one has been, and as this is an experiment on so broad a scale, I am persuaded that he whose horizon of vision embraces only a few years, or a small territory, will not read wisely, nor formulate proper conclusions. Feeling my incompetency to do this, I depend, I trust, by a few short remarks, come down to our present situation, and speak more particularly of it.

To fall back upon the oft-repeated figure (but for which many a speech would have been wrecked), and in which this country is compared to a ship, I should like to observe that she is sweeping down the ages with a grand flourish; all her streamers are gaily flying; the drum beats, and the whole government is gone on an excursion—a sight seeing. It is the

GREAT EASTERN IN WESTERN WATERS; and her sailors are bewildered by the novelties about them. We sometimes run amazingly near the rocks, there was not an awning Pilot at the wheel, and certainly would go down amid the most magnificent spectacle of ruin that has ever been exhibited to the world; and the newspapers would flaunt the head-lines.

GREAT DISASTER RESULTING FROM INEXPERIENCE AND CARELESS MANAGEMENT.

All the rules would be turned and the whole paper—the Chronicle of the Ages—would go into mourning. Under the head of "Casualties," would be the death of the world's last effort at self-government of a free people. There have been some violent oscillations in the faithful old ship of State. In '61-5, it was so violent as to permanently unsettle one factor of our government, and indeed to throw it quite out of place. I mean that a race of ignorant and sensual slaves were suddenly, and without any previous preparation, made free citizens, and soon after endowed with the elective franchise privilege. At the same time the bone and sinew of State, that should have acted as a conservative force in this revolution, was greatly weakened and demoralized. Call this the Providence of God? Explain it on any other hypothesis, who can?

In recovering from this great derangement, as it is, wonder that some mistakes were made? Or that some measures seemingly imperative were in themselves bad and dangerous experiments?

But is there not a tendency back to the right? back to prosperity and tranquility? I am not so pessimistic as to believe that we are going inevitably to the bad. There is conservatism enough to serve as ballast, even in the wildest plunges of the most stormy sea.

This brings us to the present situation. Now, let us briefly notice some of the present evils that can, in part, be traced more or less directly to this source.

INTemperance and its companion, THIEFNESS.

This wide prevalence of intemperance and the liquor traffic, with all their attendant evils, while not due to that cause alone, were widely influenced by it. At the present it has assumed undue proportion in our social and commercial world.

Its ravages have been deeply wounding to us. It is paralyzing muscle and brain that is much needed now in the conduct of the affairs of State and society. It is turning capital into unnatural and harmful channels. It is converting manhood into money that fills the coffers of those who do no profitable labor.

The poet sang for all time who said:

"He feeds the land to hastening hills a prey,
While wealth accumulates and men decay."

This evil has assumed such proportions as to stir the most lethargic benefactor of his race, and to cause cheeks to blanch with alarm, and hearts to quake with terror and bleed with an overburden of woe.

Its rapacity has stopped nowhere short of the highest and the proudest citizens. It creeps up to the highest circles of society and blows its foul breath upon the fairest flowers, they wither and droop and die. For the demon hath deeded it.

Along side of this comes the influence of those who are immoral; this seduction. This not only robs the tillers of needed help, but entails upon them a heavier burden.

LOSS OF A SENSE OF HONOR.

Another evil that is sapping the foundations of our social fabric is a loss of the sense of honor, that is so painfully prominent now-a-days.

No community, however large or small, that depends upon the free action of its individual members, can prosper where those individuals lack this foundation for character, namely—a sense of honor.

Where wrong-doing is only restrained by the hangman's whip, and rectitude is built on necessity, it is a state of affairs that is as vile as when the Sheriff makes us honest men!

The experience of the South, oftentimes apparently necessary, have been such as to destroy, to a large degree, this sense of honor, so essential to individual nobility, and the common good of us all.

In our courts of justice—the last place on earth where it should happen—baths have been disregarded, where it could be done with impunity. And then the purged man that ought to blush crimson even at the remembrance of it, boasts abroad. And his sin and shame is only equalled by his who congratulates him that he was shrewd enough to swear a lie and then escape. "Oh, the times! Oh, the manners!" and yet, this is the beautiful land of song, the Sunny South! And in such an atmosphere as this are the young men trained up who are to assume the responsibility of citizenship.

In our business relations too, necessity, or cupidity, or covetousness, or innate depravity has induced men to sacrifice their manhood, their integrity, their all, that is highest and noblest on the altar of Mammon. And sometimes, when detection follows, it seems that the rule is not to punish the guilty where it can be avoided.

And when compelled to inflict punishment, often the cheeks of the blind goddess are reddened with shame at having a part of the price of their dishonesty paid for damages, forsooth! And the evil has well-nigh permeated our whole social and commercial fabric. We were inclined to smile the other day at the stupidity of the old colored man who said to the merchant: "It looks like you merchants jests to buy your goods as we do." And he can and then sell them to you can get." But upon more sober reflection I decided the protest was just. It is here that our social life should be reacted on by our religion.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

I shall not attempt to deal with wickedness in high places, for I fear my hands will be sufficiently soiled by touching the more familiar forms of evil.

The revolution of 1875 is rapidly becoming historic. "It was a desperate situation," they say, "and required desperate measures to meet it. That seems plausible to some extent—the logic of necessity. But does the desperate situation grow no better? That desperate measures must needs be resorted to still? Has ten years' desperation done no good? Why then not leave the old desperate ways?"

As a school boy, quite small, I walked unconsciously into a colony of the *Vespa lymnophora*, that build their nests in old logs and such places, more familiarly known by the vulgar name of "yellow-jackets." I may be doing such a thankless task now. But as in the former example, I both learned and taught something, so I may not now be doing an entirely profitless task. I may as well say it, for if you have not discovered it ere this, you soon will that I am experimentally disqualified to discuss this subject, for I know very little about politics. I have no favor to carry; no opposition to conciliate. I am here to speak plainly to my people, because I would retrieve them from an unpleasant situation. And I trust you will allow me to call a spade, a spade. And if with this spade I should accidentally unearth some ugly truths, I trust your delicate sensibilities may not be so violently shocked. You know desperate cases require desperate remedies.

I would go into a still-house to tread upon a deadly weed that is eating the vitals of my country; that is debasing my neighbor; that is debauching society, and robbing the church of the living God of its legitimate supporters. Yes, I am scolding, crisping, deluging with accursed passion, some of the finest, noblest, mightiest brain-power of the land, while the toiling, struggling conservators of the public weal are looking to them, and stretching out pleading hands in vain. It is bowing these noble heads in ignoble pursuit over the beer-drenched gambling table. Ah! is bowing the heads and hearts of pure and noble women, who, unmurmuring, ceaselessly toil; and is befouling the fair cheeks of the daughters of my people. Is stealing from me the love and confidence, and sympathy and support of these true-hearted young men.

It is enticing its slimy coils around my friends, and choking their noble lives out. And I hate it as I hate sin. I would throttle the monster, even in his own fold, and leave its dishonored carcass to rot in its own pollution, with never a friend to give it burial; that succeeding generations might see how unsightly are its ruins, and thus be warned to flee the deadly demon.

And so would I go into this Augean stable of political corruption, by my going I could show which way the fabled river should flow.

The Christian is a citizen, and as such is under obligations to take his part in politics. But as he goes he should remember to render unto Caesar only what is Caesar's. He is to be the salt of the earth. Was there ever anything that needed salting so much, or had needed it so long?

The Christian is to be the light of the world. We now need the electric flash of Christianity. And let us remember that no feeble rays or puny light can pierce the gloom that often happens that men are willing to become public servants. This is well. We were in a lamentable situation, but for public servants (yes and often because of them) Now let Christians come to these places, who can carry their religion with them. It is not necessary to soil your religion there.

It is only a weakly, sickly sort of religion that gets soiled in office. Let no one who is afflicted with that kind of religion seek office, for at the present it is not whole-some. You know none of our officers can afford to sleep in our Court-house. It is sure to make them sick. They can scarcely stand it through the day. Now suppose we briefly refer to some objectionable things attendant upon office-seeking. The way of getting into office is so complicated now—it has so many back stairs, and anti-chambers, and pass-words—yes, and bottles; and banks and bug-bears that it takes a brave man to run the gauntlet. When the canvassing machinery starts, there is such a dust that you can scarcely see very clearly, and whole thing resolves itself into a confusion.

The convention ought to represent the will of the people, since they have no voice back of it. If it does so, well, it is the infernal machine of a few by which they torture every candidate into sworn allegiance to their corrupt purposes, and so hood-wink the law that evil may flourish unchallenged, it is not well. A thousand times better not have it than for it to be converted into a machine of oppression. Let Christians be Christians, and with that view I write at present. I do not know who Brother Errell is; I wish I did, for I like him, and propose to add a few further thoughts on the question. How to become interested in foreign missions, as a supplement to what he has written.

As a first motive, I present the title of a late work of fiction by Charles Reade, a very interesting and intensely practical narrative, though it was, as to the supposed narrative, a fiction:

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

As a starting point in the contemplated transposition, I suggest a somewhat extended study of history from that proposed by Bro. E. Let us, for example, take up the history of modern Europe, and compare the present condition of the countries on the map, over which Paul and his compeers travelled in their missionary labors. Have you, my brother, my sister, who may read these lines, have you ever stopped to ponder the question: Why is it that we of these United States are a Christian and not a heathen?

Insist upon controlling the election, so that they may renew their license when they expire. An enemy as deadly as a boogymon, dressed in citizens' garb, for a paltry sum will cry "liberty, liberty" on the streets, and our people meekly put their heads into the hangman's noose, echoing the cry of "liberty" the while.

It wants a man who can stand up and denounce this kind of debauchery. Yes, and one who will run the race on correct principles. If such appear, as Christians, doing God's services, support them. In the name of humanity and free government support them. In the name of your home and family; yes, in the name of your wives and children support them. Once more,

CORRUPTION AT THE BALLOT BOX.

It is a great point gained to secure successful counters to the polls, some good in figures, and for figures mean more than average men in elections. That is a sad, sad spectacle for men to be engaged in. Destroying the freedom and counting a faction's enemy in his place. A Judas hanging an Arnold unbanished! A horrible spectacle! A horrible indeed! Why, brethren, when I came to you last June and told you of district No. 3, in Fayette county, Tenn., I was a veritable "Innocent Abroad." I had not dreamed that ballot-box stuffing was a reality. I supposed it was one of those possible dangers, dreaded that it existed only in the disconcerting muttering of some disappointed office-seeker; but that it could be true and known, I could not believe it. And now they tell me that you know that men who were never elected serve their terms unchallenged, or if challenged, they are also vindicated. And these are the administrators of your laws. A kite king of a doctored. And this is a public! "The voice of the people, the voice of a God!" For shame, for very shame! And he who accomplishes the dastardly deed is toasted a hero! and given a second place in the official car. And Christian men engage in such low pursuits. No wonder your Christianity is powerless. And when you are engaged in securing justice for the outraged party appeals to the law, the law is gagged till it will justify its own outrage. And this is a free republic, built on the time honored foundation, "the will of the people." Be we free men

and submit? And men who say Lord, Lord, are engaged in this. God will sweep them out of his mouth, and pour upon them the visitation of his wrath, crying from among the people that work iniquity, for I never knew you.

EVIL RESULTS.

I make two remarks, it is a substance of Republican government and elevates a wicked oligarchy to the end of which is inevitable—utter anarchy or monarchy. It takes away the mainstays of developing characters. Our young people grow up in such an atmosphere; children play at what older people do. Recently a young fellow in a society held an election for officers, and they had stuffed the ballot-box all the weakest candidates had more votes than there were members present. Grim joke! Let the wise think; then let them speak on the streets, behind their counters, at their offices, at home, and everywhere. Then let good men add my God help us to recover our heritage. Amen!

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

HOW SHALL WE BRING OUR CHURCHES TO TAKE A DEEPER INTEREST IN THE SUBJECT?

BY R. E. MELVIN.

Some weeks since, at your request, Brother G. I brought out in the Record an article, showing the intimate connection between a revival of the foreign mission spirit in the churches, and revivals in general. I think it must be highly gratifying, encouraging, to our Christian brethren, to know that his work is appreciated by his brethren. I know it is to me. The expression of approval of that article by one dear brother, whom I dearly love, Elder E. C. Eager, formerly of Clinton, was in itself a stimulus, as I know that, from his age, he also knows of the facts I presented.

In the Record of May 7th, I see an article signed Errell, looking to that side of the question indicated by the present heading, from the reading of which I have concluded that that view of the subject might be profitably enlarged upon, and with that view I write at present. I do not know who Brother Errell is; I wish I did, for I like him, and propose to add a few further thoughts on the question. How to become interested in foreign missions, as a supplement to what he has written.

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CORRUPTION AT THE BALLOT BOX.

It is a great point gained to secure successful counters to the polls, some good in figures, and for figures mean

Baptist Record

J. B. GAMRELL,
GEO. WHARTON, } EDITORS.

CLINTON, MISS.
Thursday, June 1, 1885

Editorial.

Receipts—Henceforth, subscribers will find their receipt folded in their paper. Please preserve it for reference.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

How many will send us a club for the Record?

The Record from now till the end of the volume for one dollar.

Elder T. D. Bush responds to Brother Ball's appeal to work for the Record.

Remember that we will send the Record till the close of the volume for one dollar. Send quick.

Rev. E. A. Taylor, Knoxville, Tenn., has been quite ill, but is now better.

Wake Forest College has an endowment of over one hundred thousand dollars.

The Baltimore Baptist churches, black and white, have had nine hundred accessions since January last.

Avail yourself of our extra offer. Remember that you lose one copy each week that you defer the matter.

One dollar brings you the Record for thirty-two weeks, if you subscribe in time for the next issue.

The wife of a drunkard is the most abused creature in the world.—J. D. BARTON.

The Vicksburg Post says evangelist Penn made a profound impression on that city.

I want the Bible to be sent to the smoke of every chimney in this world.—T. M. MERCHANT.

There is a higher work for preachers than manual labor. Souls are worth more than cotton.—L. R. BURKE.

I'm going to be a prohibitionist, not a prohibitionist, and I think I'll be a prohibitionist.—J. D. BARTON.

Elder J. T. Freeman has returned to his home at Starkville and is now ready for work with the churches.

No Georgian was allowed to preach, though some of them did eat at the table when it came to speaking. This was courteous and right.

China has 400,000,000 inhabitants; the Hindoo empire, 175,000,000; the Turkish Empire, about 50,000,000. These are the three great centers of heathendom.

Our thanks are due President Frazer for an invitation to attend the commencement exercises of that excellent school—Judson Female Institute.

Brother Lamar, of Memphis, commenced a revival service with Elder Christian, at Chattanooga, but was taken sick and had to leave.

See our extra offer to send the Record from now till the end of the volume for one dollar. From this issue, you will receive thirty-two copies for one dollar.

Fifteen new foreign missionaries were sent out last year by our Southern Baptist Convention. Over eighty thousand dollars were spent by it in foreign fields.

Sister Miller, of Natchez, sending a list of names with the money, says: "Since you are working for the Board, I concluded to work for you some." That is like her.

Will not every pastor bring our dollar offer before his people, and send in new names? Several have done so already. It is a good chance to help us and the brethren.

Our Mexican brethren who were at the Convention, say that we ought not to use tobacco. How many think they are right? We give one vote for that side of the question.

We extend our thanks to Bro. Hartsfield for the letter which contains the items of interest from the Convention, found in this week's paper.

There was some cheerful giving at the Convention to our Mexican mission. Dr. Yates' work in China, and the Valencia street mission in New Orleans. What more worthy objects could have been found.

It is said that English Baptists with a membership of about three hundred thousand, last year raised three hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars for Foreign Missions.

A postal card is before us on which an intelligent man has written the following sentence: "I have never read them."—BAPTIST COURIER. A deplorable case indeed.

I am in the midst of a good meeting here. Twenty-five up for prayer last night; one baptized yesterday, more to follow. Failing of help, I am alone.—GARVIN CHASTAIN, Columbia, May 18.

Our one dollar offer is to send the Record from now to the end of the volume for one dollar. This will be thirty-three copies counting this issue, thirty-two next week and so on. Remember, every week you wait, you lose one copy of the paper.

Victor Hugo died on the 22d. His last words were, "Adieu Jeanne, adieu," to his favorite granddaughter. A storm was raging without, while the spirit of the poet passed away.

Brother T. L. Talbert has been compelled, on account of failing health, to give up his work at Pensacola, Fla. His correspondents will address him at Grenada, Miss.

The crop reports are good as far as we hear in Mississippi. The river country, especially, has a more flattering promise than they have had for several years. Our State needs a good crop.

In the June number of the American Review there will be a discussion of the Catholic attitude towards our public schools. Both sides of the question will be presented.

We understand that the L. N. O. & T. railroad has issued an order that no employee will be allowed to drink liquor. That is a move in the right direction. If this is enforced, we will always feel safer on that road.

The Hon. Wm. McMaster, a member of the Carolina Legislature, has just given \$200,000 to the college bearing his name, and now he gives \$22,000 to another Baptist school. We feel proud of him as a Baptist.

You make me say the "old veteran" Reddin Andrews. Brother Reddin Jones is "the veteran" of "forty years ago." Brother Andrews had hardly commenced wearing pants then.—G. W. HARTSFIELD. We stand corrected.

The church at Danville, Va., has just enjoyed a gracious revival, eighty-nine have united. Their pastor is Bro. Goodwin, formerly of Columbus, Miss. We rejoice with Brother Goodwin in this encouragement in the Master's work.

Sister Johns, wife of Elder S. D. Johns, of Senatobia, died at her house, May 12th. She lived the life of the righteous, and died the death of the same. May God sustain his servant in this time of affliction. You have our sympathy, brother.

I am pleased with the Record, but would be better pleased, if more of our Louisiana brethren would write for it.—L. J. Woods, Liberty Hill, La. And so would we like it better, Brother Woods. Why do you not write, brethren?

Drs. McDonald, of Georgia, and Hatcher, of Virginia, are two of the speakers engaged before the American Baptist Publication Society Anniversary, at Saratoga, N. Y. We promise our Northern brethren something good in these two men.

Max Muller, the philologist, says, that in two centuries the English language will be spoken by 7,000,000,000, not more than 790,000,000 holding aloof. That shows the value of knowing our own language.

An ex-Federal soldier asked a colored man to give him a quarter of a dollar, because he had "fought and bled" to set the negro free. The negro said, "You did your duty, sah, but 'bout lending you dat quarter, I don't care to revive de bitter memories of de war."

We thank Elder E. Pace, of Summerville, for the interest taken in the Record. Brother Pace is one of the truest and best of men, and, besides, a preacher of superior ability. There are some men we cannot help loving, and Bro. Pace is one.

The Reflector tells of a drug store in Tennessee, where the four-mile law is supposed to operate, that keeps a physician on hand to write out prescriptions for customers to obtain whisky at 5 cents apiece. Mr. Oglesby, our District Attorney, from Senatobia, ought to have this man to deal to him justice.

The Chicago University has been sold at public auction and purchased by the president of the insurance company, that held a mortgage on the property for \$275,000. No other bids were made. The Douglas heirs have given notice of their claim to the property, and will contest the title.

On account of increasing pastoral work, Dr. W. E. Hatcher has retired from the editorial staff of the Religious Herald. Though preaching all the time to a Rock church, he has found time to do efficient and highly appreciated work for his paper. His leaving will be regretted by the Herald's friends.

You might start out with an army with all the instruments of destruction that human ingenuity or malice can invent, and you cannot destroy the Priest from among men. The priestly idea is right. The Bible is built on a Priest. The Catholic has the right feeling, but he has turned to the wrong Priest. Junson Moore, in sermon.

A terrible fire, resulting in the death of about sixteen people, mostly young women, occurred in Chicago, the other day. The building was a five story one, reached by an elevator, and the flames ascended rapidly from the second to the fifth floor, through the space for the elevator.

Sam Jones has been preaching now in Nashville about two weeks. The great test for the occasion will sent five thousand people, but often the overflow fills the space for outside the tent. About seven hundred have professed conversion; three hundred of these have joined the different churches. Nashville has never been so moved before.

Two hundred and twenty-one years that they have appeared in conjunction. They will not be very destructive, except, perhaps, to fruit trees. They have opened in full chorus around this place. The dardies say that locust years are good crop years.

From many quarters come kind words of encouragement for the Record. We thank our brethren for their appreciation and words of cheer. Will not each one who feels that the Record does him good, induce some one else to subscribe? There is a book in the Bible, you know, called the book of Acts. What a grand book it is.

We had a nice letter from Bro. Hargrove, rather chiding us for being a little severe on Louisiana, in reference to the saloon question, and claiming the right for Louisiana to our own consideration. We assuredly feel that the brethren of Louisiana are our brethren, and we gladly open our heart to you and our columns to your contributions. You could not do us a greater favor than to use us freely.

Brother J. M. Wise, through the Baptist Reflector, is making an appeal to the Baptists of West Tennessee, East Arkansas and North Mississippi, to raise funds to build a house of worship at the Port Pickering mission, South Memphis. He urges several good reasons for so doing. The house will cost about eight hundred dollars, as requested, of the work to our subscribers in these sections.

The Journal and Messenger gives some statistics of church and theological attendance. It was estimated that the two hundred and twelve churches of Cincinnati averaged two hundred and sixty-five attendants to the morning services of each church, making a total of fifty-six thousand three hundred and ninety-two. The six theaters had an average of fourteen hundred and total eight thousand three hundred.

Some editor told a company at Augusta, how and for what intent the Jeter-Gambrell discussion was brought about. The Herald publishes the statement, but does not endorse it. We are reminded of a saying of Josh Billings. "It is better not to know so much, than to know so much that is not true." If it ever becomes a matter of public interest, we may tell just how it was.

The people of Winona are enjoying a prolonged and general revival. Last year they rose up in the might of true citizenship and put away from them the saloon. Now they are reaping the great blessing. Over a hundred people have been added to the churches. The Baptists have had a good share, and many of the addition have been strong. Sunday week two ex-saloonists united, one to the Baptist and one to the Methodist. Bro. Zealy is working and succeeding.

On the first page is a sermon, preached in Aberdeen before a large audience, many of whom were prominent citizens. The subject is one deserving of far more attention than it gets. We take the liberty to insist that every reader of the Record will read the sermon through, and then decide upon a course of action in the fear of God. After reading yourself, lend the paper to your neighbors. Is it not time Christians were withdrawing support from men and parties too, when they lend themselves to corruption? Now is the time to do our duty. The Christian people of this land have only to take a stand for cleanliness in politics, and there will be a revolution, sure, deep and widespread.

A writer in the New Orleans Christian Advocate, is calling for an investigation of the number of Methodist ministers who are unemployed as preachers. In this connection he utters these words which are worth weighing. "It is a fact too well known to need proof that when a preacher does not preach, he does worse. As with Sam Jones, he had to preach or lose his religion, so an unemployed preacher, as a rule, (the only exception is in case of personal disability), becomes cold and spiritless and eventually backslides. A backslidden ministry is not only powerless for good, but often proves one of the most potent factors of evil known to church or society."

According to the Religious Herald, the colored Baptists of Virginia number one hundred and sixty thousand. Two preachers in Richmond have six thousand members in their two churches. We do not know how many colored Baptists are in Mississippi, but their name is legion, not far from the above number, possibly more. We know of one country neighborhood, where in about eight miles square, there live over two thousand. At the colored Baptist State Convention, of Virginia, an enthusiastic brother said: "All who are taking a Baptist position hold up your hands." Up rose a number. Then the editor of their paper rose and said: "Now let all who pay for their papers hold up their hands." Not so many hands.

In our religious experience, it is very easy to make mistakes. In perhaps nothing do we more completely change the natural order of things than when we reverse the order of the above words, i. e., make it Feeling, Faith, and Facts. We begin at the wrong end. We aim very much at getting our feelings all right. We do not sit down quietly and revolve the facts in the case, let faith take hold of them, and then finally have the feeling in the matter. We begin to cherish and nourish our feelings, if, by chance, we may get

them right, and then we are satisfied. Hence it is that our stability and power is so often shaken, because they vary as our feelings vary.

Now, it is a great thing to feel all right, but it is a much better thing to be all right. Our Christian experience would not only be more stable, but richer and more fruitful, if, instead of taking our feelings that are as variable and shifting as the winds as our guide, we would let our faith lead. In worldly matters, we are very suspicious of people who make their feelings their guiding star. We see them to-day, the earth is filled with words of birds and fragrance of roses; the next day, the air is laden with funeral chants and pregnant with foul odors. They are unstable as water. We pity them, and would do them good. So it is in the Christian life. Here is a man who is trying to hug up his feelings and keep them right, but he is not building up a strong and noble faith that steadily points him towards the goal. The truth for all to know is that our religion is based on facts, and it is the faith in these facts that enlightens the mind and strengthens the soul. Take one line of thought:

"Jesus Christ came to seek and to save the lost." This is the fact. "I am one of the lost, therefore he saves me." This is the faith, and the feeling flows easily, and fills the soul with joy. Now, the practical lesson is this: Cultivate your feelings less, and your faith more. Begin with the facts. Let your faith hold upon them, and then your feelings will regulate themselves.

He begins wrong who searches into his own heart for emotions, and feelings, and then attempts to turn these outward upon the gospel of Christ. Our hearts shed but little light upon the glorious theme. Reverse the order. Behold the gospel, take hold of it by faith, turn its light into your poor heart, and there is light indeed. You have no need, then, for constant nursing your emotions to keep them warm. They are warm enough, and then they are right. They will not be morbid, or out of tune. They will be in sweet harmony with the teachings of the blessed word. Oh, brother, let faith guide, and then nothing can shake you. Your spiritual feelings will sympathize with your state of body and mind.

The sublimest picture on earth is that of a man who, in the midst of all life's adverse gales and discouraging circumstances, can fix his faith firmly upon something beyond the tumult and strife, and calmly go on. He is the man to whom men bow in reverence. And how much happier such a life! What a sweet tonic in this couplet: "I had rather walk with God in the darkness than walk alone in the light." There is a point way down in the waters, where the shock of the storm above is not felt. There is a depth in the earth upon which we tread, where the sun's warmth or the winter's cold reaches not, and there all the year round the heat is the same. We need something upon which we can stay our restless spirits and calm our troubled hearts. Look away from self. Fix your eyes upon Christ. He is the great fact. Let your faith grapple with firm grasp upon the eternal verities of God's word, and then your heart shall be like a lake land-locked in the mountain fastnesses. The wild winds are raging without, but, protected by the mountain's sides, there is scarce a ripple in its waters.

Let your faith grow deeper down, like the roots of some strong tree, going through the upper and lower strata, and there at last it finds the moisture that the summer's draught cannot effect. Trust less to your feelings. Think less about your feelings. Think more about your faith. Cultivate less your feelings. Cherish your faith more.

Let the ground-work, the basis of all action be faith, and then open your hearts to the sweet emotions, unalloyed feelings that will be sure to come. Let the order be Facts, Faith, Feeling.

IS IT GENUINE?

We hear a great deal in this our day about the liberal spirit that ought to pervade the religious denominations towards others who differ with them. It is accounted a high compliment with some to have it said of them, "How liberal in views, how catholic and broad." Now there is a charity that goes any character, and a breadth of view and depth of sympathy that become any Christian man. But much that passes current is not genuine. It is so easy to prate about a spirit of liberality, when there is nothing of the kind in question.

Is it genuine charity that sees a man in fault, that knows that he is pursuing a policy that is harmful and wrong, and yet forbears to tell

him of it? Does it accord with the injunction of the Apostle, "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritually minded restore such an one?"

It cannot be right that we should see a brother in error, and yet refuse to enlighten him.

The men who talk the most about their broad charity, are frequently the men who have the smallest quantity of the genuine article. The cry is continually raised, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." Much akin to this is the spirit that leads many men to go as far as they can with the world in its various errors, so as to win their sympathy and thereby bring them to the truth. We think a Christian man makes no greater mistake than this. The parties whom you undertake to reform in this way, will only be confirmed in their evil way, your influence will be weakened. As well attempt to reclaim a drunkard by getting drunk with him. As well attempt to break a man from swearing by joining him in horrid oaths. There is a sympathy and kindness which does win a man's good will and esteem, but it is not found in this line of conduct. When Paul said that he aimed "to be everything to everybody," it was with a far different meaning from this. Who was more forcible in denouncing error than the Apostle? He was plain and outspoken against every vice and error. If we ever expect to win the world from its dark ways, we will not do it by walking with them in their darkness, but by letting the light of the gospel shine upon their pathway. The only successful way of opposing darkness is, with light. The old adage says, "fight the Devil with fire," may have a sense in which it is true; but the Devil is more at home in that element than you are, and you are likely to get worsted. The attitude of the Lord towards sinners, should teach us how to deal with them. He loves the sinner but not his sins. Our attitude to all men who are in error should be the same. Mr. Spurgeon has, somewhere, given utterance to this thought, that his experience had taught him one thing; namely: that it was best for a Christian man to speak out plainly the truth. It will bring opposition; it has brought that to him, but he sometimes amuses himself looking at all that has been said against him. A truly brave and strong man cares little for censure, if he only knows that he is right.

Now, what attitude should we, as Baptists, assume, both towards the errors of other denominations and the errors of the world? Why, clearly we should manifest a spirit of love. Love does so win a man to another. If we are persuaded that a man loves us, there are few right things that he cannot get us to do. Our love should be so strong to a man that we should endeavor, if he be in error, to show him his error; if he be in darkness, to let our light shine in and dispel that darkness. It is a weakly sentimental charity (if it be that at all), which prompts us to condole a man in error for the sake of his good will, or thinking thereby to lead him to truth. It becomes no man to be presumptuous, but still it becomes him as little to see a man in darkness and refuse to give him all the light he can.

We have known something of Prof. Gibson's school, at Rienzi, for years, but we had not thought to find such an institution as actually exists. It is a mixed school, which is all the better. Three large buildings greeted our eyes. The main school building is unique, being constructed so that the classes studying separately are all under the eye of the principal. The boarding arrangements are ample for a large number of pupils. Prof. Gibson was educated at the famous University of Virginia, and is devoted to his work.

Our opinion is, that the work done is unusually thorough, and the spirit of the institution is excellent in tone. We know of no school more completely fulfilling its mission, and that without ostentation. The many young men and womanly young ladies we met made a very favorable impression on us, both for themselves and the school. Prof. Gibson has been repeatedly urged to become a candidate for Superintendent of Education in the State. If he were elected to that place, we would have only one regret—the loss of so excellent a teacher from the classroom. We know of no man who would fill the place better.

The Vicksburg Herald speaks in very high terms of the meeting held by Maj. Penn in that city. It says that he has done more good than any other man who ever visited Vicksburg, and places the conversions at one hundred and twenty-five. From a private letter from Mr. Wm. Menger, we clip the following item of interest from the same field: "Last night the church held a business meeting to determine

whether or not the church was now in condition to become self-sustaining. After considerable discussion, it was decided that it could go along without the help of the Board."

We rejoice with Brother Cohron in this good work. The church now numbers one hundred and fifty-four members, and with Bro. Cohron as leader, we have no doubt of their succeeding without aid from the Board. When in Vicksburg, we heard from several quarters, "Brother Cohron is the man for Vicksburg." Let us take courage, too, brethren, and not abandon those places where the Baptist cause is weak. In many cases, it is like casting bread upon the waters, which shall be found after many days. In a few years, Vicksburg may not only sustain her own work, but more than give back all that the Board has contributed toward her support. When Maj. Penn went to Vicksburg, he said that with God's blessing he did not want to leave until the church was self-supporting. He is now in Jackson. Pastor Spores has been doing good and faithful sowing. Let us pray the Lord that he may now reap a precious harvest.

WORDS AND WORKS.

In this column, from now till the Convention, will be reported weekly the good words and good works from the field. We desire news from every part of the field, and all money received will be acknowledged, even to a nickel. Keep your eye on this column.

I write these notes from Rienzi: Wednesday last week, I left home to see the brethren in the North-east part of the State. One day was spent with Brethren Coffinger and Vanlandingham in West Point. The situation in the Columbus Association was talked over, and they said Columbus will meet her pledges. That was what we thought, but I wanted to hear them say it. "Do you love me, John?" said a wife to her husband. "Why, yes, of course I love you, Sallie." "Well, John, tell me so," she said, as she threw her arms around his neck. It is well to tell each other the good things we purpose or feel. I do not expect Columbus Association to discount her pledges one cent. The next stopping point was Sault Ste. Marie, in the West Judson Association. The old Judson has been divided. It had grown to be the largest Association in the State. No little of this growth is due to "scholarship" preaching done by the pastors. Here is a fine example for some others to follow. Let the pastors preach around in the school-houses on Sunday evenings, and thus will the territory be occupied. Don't wait for mission boards to do what you can better do without them. Elders Moore, Merchant, Bene, Burress, Berry, and the writer were the visiting brethren. Elder J. D. Barton is the pastor. The meeting opened with a capital sermon by Elder Judson Moore, on the Priesthood of Christ. It was in all respects a fine sermon, and gave the meeting a good send-off. Elder Bene led in a spirited discussion of the deanship. Missions had a discussion, as did prohibition and other questions of importance. There was perfect agreement on all these questions, except when we differed, as we did sometimes, as to the modes. The spirit of the meeting is good. I heard Brother Berry preach a good mission sermon, and another Brother preached twice, but I did not hear him. Saturday night I left for Rienzi. Elder Burress was to preach Sunday, and take the collection. All the pastors received me and my mission kindly, and promised to bring missions before their churches.

The brethren had been having a good time for two days before I got here. As soon as I stepped off the train, Capt. East, formerly sheriff of the county, arrested me, and carried me to Brother Curlee's, a comrade in arms during the early sixties. Here rest and a good breakfast served with warm temperance sauce by Sister Curlee—who is precisely right on the temperance question—made a good preparation for the day. A fine congregation met to hear and give. I did my best in the way of a sermon, and then came the collection—quiet, easy, religious—\$99 (\$57.90) from the little Rienzi flock. That is one of the best collections I ever took in my life. Good, very good. I have seen the pastors of the Tishomingo Association now, and they will more than do what was asked of them. Skinner, Burress, Henderson, Smith, Berry, Piker, Taylor, good men, all, they will bring it to pass, by God's help.

The East side of the State is safe, now, I think. If the West side does its part, we will realize the desire of our hearts at the Convention. Nothing impresses me more than the ease with which collections are taken. In all my experience, I have known nothing like it. God is with us. Brother Skinner has told me how he collects his subscriptions. Here it is for the good of many: After the subscriptions are made, he carries them to God in prayer, and asks him to collect them by making the brethren willing to pay. They pay. Try it. Brother Ball said we must ask God to go before us, and prepare the way. We ought to ask him to come behind us and close up the matter. This is a valuable suggestion, and I hope all of us will profit by it.

CLOSING UP.

The success of our effort will depend on continuance in well-doing, faithfulness to the end. Many have begun well; it remains for us to end well. Great energy is needed in collecting subscriptions. Brethren, do not fail just at that point. Close up by getting the money.

J. B. GAMRELL.

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Here is a dollar for missions. I hope it will help to carry the light to some dark corner. I give it as freely as water.—Sister Savage. That is the true idea. We should give our money to God as freely as he gives his water to us.

Meridian church takes a forward position in the column of workers. She took a collection which will round up \$225 at least. Some of the brethren will not be perfectly happy unless it is a good deal above that figure. The Ladies Society, the pastor thinks, will give ten dollars in response to Sister Johnson's appeal. They have just finished paying \$2,000 on church improvements. Chickasaw will come fully up to her apportionment, and challenges her sisters to keep step with her.

Bro. Walne met the brethren at Bethesda church, Columbus Association on Sunday last. The pastors were in attendance. The day was a good one. Of course Bro. Walne managed the collection. It was good—beyond their pledge, \$57. The brethren were in high spirits and the old secretary returned with much enthusiasm, though somewhat fatigued in body. His trip brought into the treasury considerably above \$100.

Bro. Gray was with the brethren at Lexington on Saturday. The attendance was small, but the brethren present are in full accord and line with the work, and promised, at least, to redeem their pledges. The Lexington church will rise a little above her \$25.00 pledge for State missions, and the ladies say they wish to come in with an additional contribution. It was expected Brother Gray would remain at Lexington till Sunday, but Bro. Zealy said it would be well for him to spend that day at Winona. The brethren here have been greatly blessed lately. Above forty additions of excellent people to their membership while they remained here, more than redeem their pledges of \$50 for State missions. In a few minutes \$34 was made up in cash and good pledges. A number of brethren were absent, and it is believed that the amount will be run up to \$75. Then sister Williams said the Ladies Society, of which she is the efficient president, would do their best. So Winona is at the front.

The words of cheer from all parts of the field are gratifying. We have not the space for them this week, but let the money come, brethren, at once.

Communications.

Receipts of the College for May

Mrs. N. G. Williams, Clinton	50
Miss Sallie Daniels, Durant	1.00
Philadelphia ch, Chickasaw	10.00
Mr. Pleasant ch	5.00
Mrs. M. A. Channing, Kosciusko	10.00
J. H. Grundy, Forest	8.75
W. M. Farmer, Longtown	1.00
Mr. Pleasant ch, Yazoo	2.25
Brandon ch	5.00
Mrs. Kate Taylor, Westburg	1.00
Vickland ch	1.65
H. F. Spores, Jackson	2.00
Honorable Annie Bland, Pelahatchie	10
Duck Hill ch	10.00
J. H. Garrett, Chinaqua	1.00
Brandon S. S.	1.00
L. O. Gayden, Brandon	1.00
G. I. Donald, Shubuta	10.00
G. W. Knight, Vicksburg	5.00
J. D. Lee	5.00
W. M. Spinks, Heidelberg	5.00
Ellisville ch	15.50
Mrs. R. E. Foster, Hay's Landing	2.00
Graysport ch	5.00
Mr. Zion ch, Strong River	4.00
Mrs. S. A. Green, Thos. Spores	1.00
Mr. J. A. Green, Shubuta	15.00
Total	\$139.40

Clinton, June 1st
W. N. KENDRICK.

Enterprise.

Your correspondent has been quite busy for some weeks past. Our church here, and the church at Shubuta have just had series of meetings, during which my suspense and anxiety can only be appreciated by those who are pastors and who have experienced like heart-aches. But the meetings are over, and God has blessed us at both places. My pastorate at Enterprise began with the present year, and I can truly say that I have never been associated with any community of better people, and I know of no town of the same size where the intellectual and moral tone of society has attained a higher standard. I know of no town of any size where the young are exposed to fewer temptations to sin.

Our church building is a model of neatness and good taste, the Sunday-school is one of the most flourishing I have ever seen. Its Superintendent and teachers are well adapted to their work. Our deacons are also of prominence and acknowledged piety. They have never been associated with any community of better people, and I know of no town of the same size where the intellectual and moral tone of society has attained a higher standard. I know of no town of any size where the young are exposed to fewer temptations to sin.

La., will deliver the Annual Commencement Address Friday, June 12th, at 11:30 a. m. Judge W. C. Harris, of Mansfield, La., will deliver an address before the Philomathean Society, Monday, June 8th, at 7:30 p. m. Other distinguished speakers will be present. A general and cordial invitation is extended.

T. N. COLEMAN.
Kench, La. May 28.

Good La.

I have just read Brother J. H. Amacker's way of doing contributions in Rezon, May 14th. Wish all the churches would look it up, read it again, and adopt it, for it surely is right. What does Bro. O. L. Hailley mean in same paper by "Select audience" (italics mine). I believe Brother D. F. Head is doing well at Lake Charles, La. There are some of God's brightest jewels in Lake Charles church. God bless you.

W. R. HARRIS, VE.
May 23d, 1885.

Work for the Louisiana Convention.

Among the important matters to come before us in our July meeting in Shreveport, is the publication of the History of Louisiana Baptists. The Convention appointed a committee two years ago to superintend this work, and started us out without any money with which to do the work.

We have done the best we could, and will make a full report at our approaching meeting, telling what has been done, and especially what has not been done, and we must not look for any peace now until the money is raised.

Think about it, brethren, and think wisely, for it must not be put off.

G. W. HARTSFIELD,
Mansfield, La., Ch'n Committee.

The Baptismal Door, Again.

Brother Harrell says, "On the above subject, Brother Hewlett and myself have at last agreed, as to the main point at issue." I do not see how Bro. Harrell could think so. We are not agreed as to baptism being the church door, which is the point at issue. We are agreed that baptism is essential to church membership, which is a very different subject.

Brother Harrell says that baptism puts a man in a

Home Circle.

—CONDUCTED BY—
MRS. J. B. GAMBRELL,
MRS. E. H. WHARTON

Editorial.

The Christian Neighbor.

The command, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, is the corollary to: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." The law as given by Moses required supreme love to God, and as a result therefrom, love to one's neighbor. In a certain sense, the two loves are one and inseparable. The scriptures make emphatic and multiplied mention of the duties incident to our relations to each other as neighbors, and hence we are without excuse if we do not search them, and find out for ourselves where the path of duty is. The question, who is my neighbor? comes up, and we are sometimes inclined to select as such those who have favored us, those who are pleasant in manner; but the words of the Master offer no such margin to our choice. The man who falls among thieves is to be the recipient of the neighborly treatment, without respect to his manners, or his past conduct. Looking into the scriptures for a picture, we shall find the Christian neighbor represented in all the various phases of a perfect character. He will not give his neighbor drink, will not put a bottle to his neighbor's lips. He will speak truth to his neighbor. He will not imagine evil against his neighbor. He will work no ill to his neighbor. He will strive to please his neighbor unto edification. He will judge his neighbor with righteousness. He will not defraud him, will not trespass upon his rights, will not remove his neighbor's landmarks, nor devise evil against him.

One need be at no loss, with all the positive 'shalts' and 'shalts' of the Bible before him, for a manual of neighborly behavior. Prominent among the characteristics of the Christian neighbor is the spirit of helpfulness, the desire to encourage and strengthen those who "dwell securely" by us. Can a more beautiful word-picture be drawn of humanity than this: "They helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, be of good courage." May it not be profitable to lay our lives along by the side of scriptural delineation of character, and see wherein we approximate its perfection, and wherein lies our greatest divergence in practice? Have we so loved our neighbor that we have been willing to give ourselves in the sacrifice of personal comfort to serve him when overtaken by calamity? Have we tried to come close to him and strengthen him for a fresh onset in the battle of life? When he has been wounded by grief, been robbed of his purity by the thievish tempters, have we come to his help, and binding up his wounds, have we borne him away from the scene of his temptation and fall? How often have we drawn our pharisaic robes about us, and passed by on the other side, or, if we had the Levite's curiosity to come and look on the fallen, we've gone our way, and sometimes, alas! we have bruited abroad the story of how this brother has fallen. This has been an instance of neglect, rather a negative sin, we tell ourselves, and not so culpable as the sin of him who plans deliberately to betray his neighbor, or who plots his neighbor's destruction. What would be thought of the man or woman who would see another walking in sleep toward a precipice, and yet not try to awaken the somnambulist? The English language would be all too barren of epithets to heap opprobrium upon such an one; and yet, with a criminal indifference, Christians sometimes look on, and see their neighbors or their neighbors' children walking in the slippery paths of sin, down the broad road that leads to destruction; and yet no word of warning is uttered, no note of alarm is sounded. The modern paraphrase of the first murderer's question to Jehovah is, "It's none of my business." "Ah, but," says one, "I am afraid of being a busybody in other men's matters. I'm afraid of being misunderstood," or, "I'm afraid I shall gain ill-will, and do no good." To all of which may be replied: "If, after taking the matter to God in prayer, you are conscious of a desire to glorify him by helping your neighbor, then, though you must tell him an unpleasant truth in order to help him, loyalty to duty, requires that you go to him in the spirit of meekness, and rebuke the sin even while you love the sinner. Nothing short of this is faithfulness. What shall be said of one who deliberately lays a snare for the unwary

feet of his young neighbor? Will not the rod of correction rest upon such?

Two deacons, members of the church, were near neighbors. The one was a pronounced temperance man, the other a moderate drinker. The temperance deacon gave precept and example of the right sort to his son; but the tipping deacon—who in all good conscience drank all he wanted to, and did not get drunk (?)—had pleasant, genial manners, and, in mistaken hospitality, offered this neighbor's son a drink. The young man drank with him, and, taking the convivial deacon for a pattern, asked others to drink with him; and so, in his youthful ardor, he surpassed his exemplar, drank himself drunk, and led others into the same sin. Never one twinge did the deacon's conscience give him, till the temperance deacon came to him and said, in great sorrow, "You are making a drunkard of my boy. He says he is going to drink like you do. But he was drunk the other day. He can't stop where you do." The convivial deacon was enough of the Christian neighbor to vow never to lead another young man astray, and he had the grace to go to the boy and beg his pardon for having tempted and enticed him into a slippery place. Love work, eth no ill to his neighbor, but rather strives to build him up in every good word and work. It will never tear down his influence by parading his faults in public, nor deceive him with the honeyed words of flattery. Some may say: "I am independent. I ask no favors of any one. Let those who live by me do as I do; look out for number one." A narrower sentiment was never uttered. There was never such a thing as absolute human independence, and any man left to himself is pitiable in his weakness. The bonds of common humanity strengthen and ennoble men. How much more Christian love, as a controlling sentiment, lifts up every man, and makes him anxious to lift up his neighbor. Much of our slowness in practicing the sweet graces of the Christian neighbor arises from our feeling, that whenever we will, we may do them good. We purpose to be faithful, but argue that there is time enough, and the opportunities for doing good will always be within our reach; and so! while we come and go about our selfish tasks, unexpected by us, those whom we might have helped drift away from us, or, perhaps, the stern and dread messenger of death spreads the pall of silence over the ears that would have drunk in eagerly the words of love and good will which our faithless lips failed to utter. Shall we continue to be careless, or shall we, as those who watch for souls, strive to conform our lives to the pattern given by the Master?

M. T. G.

Communications.

Letter From Bro. White.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—Having been so kindly introduced to you by our good Sister Gambrell, I feel that I can now sit down and have a talk with you. I think this is a good time for us to talk about missions. You know that the time for holding the State Mission Convention is drawing near, and the brethren will need the aid of all its missionaries to make the work a grand success. I trust you are all missionaries, and we will call it a mission. Let me illustrate what I mean by "our work": In a certain town, the church undertook to build a new house of worship; to do that, needed money. In that congregation was a little, wee bit of a boy, whose entire wealth (financially) was one bright penny, and when the contributions for building were taken up, he cheerfully subscribed his all, his cherished penny; and when the building was completed and paid for, the little fellow would point to it with pride, and say, "See what a fine church we have built." I wish you to remember that the best way to love a cause is, to have an interest in and be a part of it. Don't you think it is a noble thing to be a part of the glorious mission army who are to bring the kingdoms of the world to be the Kingdoms of our God and of his Christ? My dear young friends, just think of it and let this be your position in this grand work. But I started out to tell you something of the Indians of the West, and some of my experiences with them more than twenty years ago. I was, for about two years, with the Weas Peorias, Kaskaskias, Peankishaws and Miami's. I was at the Wea Baptist mission station. Those Indians were, to some degree, civilized, or at least some of them were. I want to tell you that we who stay at home have but a very faint idea of what mission work really is. It does not consist entirely in going into the school-room and teaching or stand-

ing up in the meeting-house and preaching the word of life; those are important ends; but there is a great deal of hard and unpleasant work to be done before that point is reached. What I am about to describe, I doubt not missionaries have found true, to a greater degree, in many other fields.

Those Indians were not remarkable for their cleanliness, so that when the children were induced to come into the mission, the ordeal of cleansing and clothing them was something fearful. Their clothing and their hair had to be taken off and burned, and often with their hair some of their skin. I often felt very sorry for them, for it must have been painful, but an Indian boy would not cry at pain. I would not draw you so revolting a picture, but I want you to understand what missionary ladies have to do to reach those people, and I want to enlist your sympathy and aid for those devoted servants of Him who came to seek and save the lost, and who has delegated the work to his church. Well, after this bodily cleansing is done, there is the mind and soul in a worse condition than the body, without a knowledge of Jesus, without a hope for eternity, except their mythical happy hunting ground in some unknown spirit land. Here commences a very delicate work, first to gain the confidence and love of those children of the forest and prairie; for without love mission work cannot succeed. As I was sent to open a school in the Miami nation, I will tell you how I proceeded.

I soon discovered that many of them had a good perception of the beautiful: this I encouraged, but I found many who could not understand or speak a word of English, so had to make them understand what books were, and what letters were, for how they made words and what words meant. I would show them a letter, pronounce it and have them pronounce it after me. To do this, I would often open their mouths and place their tongues in the right position, but I found them very apt, and soon had them talking. I had assistance in some boys who had learned to read. After the routine of lessons was over, I would have them stand in a circle around me, select some little piece with a good thought in it, and learn it to them. The way I did it was this: I would place those big ones who could read, at the head, then repeat one line, then have the first one repeat it, then the next and so on through the whole school; then another line, then both together, and so on until the whole piece was learned. I found this pleased them, and when they went to see their parents, they would repeat it to them and make them understand it; they, too, were delighted. Thus, I found a way into their hearts. I have been this minute, that you may get some idea of mission work that you do not get from the letters of missionaries, because they do not like to speak too much of the unpleasant part of the work, and I want to assure you that the missionaries do have a cross to bear. It is the constraining love of Christ and love for souls that keeps them in the work, and the Master's own presence that sustains them. My dear young friends, won't you be their helpers?

I will tell you one of many customs of those Indians and then close this talk, as I shall weary you, and I do not want to do that. If I do become tiresome, I hope some one will tell me, and I will stop. I will give you some description of an "Indian dance" as an Indian adoption, that is adopting an Indian from another tribe. This adoption was held at the time the Indians received their annual pay from the U. S. Government; so it was to be a grand affair. Several hundred Indians met at the U. S. Agency to make a great feast. They killed several beavers (the one fattest calf would not suffice), and baked up several barrels of flour, and spent most of the day in eating, only leaving off when there was no more to eat. I do not remember what was the ceremony of adoption, but next to eating, the grand feature of the occasion was the dance. The things necessary for this, were fire, music and dress. For the first, there were hauled into an open space several loads of wood, perhaps six or eight cords. This was built in a large pile; it was lighted all round it and gave out a good heat. For music, they had a nail keg with a piece of raw skin stretched over the end and dried. Dress—everything they could put on, consisting of shawls, bright colored handkerchiefs, ribbons, beads, &c.; moccasins and leggings ornamented with lots of little bells. All being ready, one old chief commenced beating time on his tum-tum, (a drum), another nearly covered with bells, leads the dance round the fire, singing a sort of guttural chant, with a chorus in which all join. They all fall in without any particular order only to get as

close to the fire and each other as they can. The dance is a shuffling march, just enough to carry the body forward and to make the bells tingle. They keep on round and round until quite exhausted, and continue this far into the night. Those orgies are productive of evil. We would allow none of the children from the mission to attend them. Those who receive the gospel leave off attending. There are many vices among them taught them by bad white men, and we owe it to them to send good men among them with the pure gospel, that they may be saved.

S. WHITE.

Selected.

Her Religious Paper.

Mrs. Franklin often wishes that she could take a religious newspaper. They always had two each week at her father's house, and she was a church member, and reading of that kind would interest her.

But there were some special expenses attending housekeeping and keeping the wardrobe in order, that she kept on longing in that half-defined way for "something good to read" when Sunday came.

The children went to Sunday-school, and brought home a little paper, and it was pleasant even to have that when evening came and the children were done with it.

Mr. Franklin belonged to a select club, was a member of it when they were married; but lately he was forming a habit of dropping into the club-room of a Sunday afternoon. Not but that he was one of the best of husbands and fathers, but to get the last bit of local news, he would stroll out after dinner for a perfectly quiet chat with his friends of the club.

Mrs. Franklin's Christian father would have thought it absolute degradation of the Sabbath to go to such a resort, and she deplored seeing the habit fastening itself on her husband.

One Sunday the minister preached a strong, impressive sermon on the duty of Christian women in the family. Among other things he insisted that it was the duty of every Christian wife and mother, so far as it lay in her power, to see that the home was made attractive and furnished with plenty of good reading. The Bible, of course, came first; then he dwelt with much force on the influence which was effected by that powerful agent for good, the religious paper.

Mrs. Franklin took herself to task in earnest that afternoon as she had never done before; and, as if to deepen the impression made by the morning's discourse, Agnes, her little daughter, came running into the house after Sunday-school, with a paper which she said had been loaned her by a little friend to read "a splendid story for the children."

"It's her mamma's paper," explained Agnes, "but it's got lots and lots of nice things in it; just see mamma," and while Agnes went to put her hat and gloves away, Mrs. Franklin began examining the paper, a great, sumptuous, generous sheet of twenty-four pages, literally crammed with matters of interest for the intelligent reader.

When Agnes came down Mrs. Franklin said, "Wait a moment dear; just till I finish this, it is so good." Agnes waited and waited, while her mother's hungry eyes raced over the attractive pages, till she was surprised to hear a grievous little voice say:

"Why, mamma, I shan't get a chance to read the story at all!" "Well, you dear child," said mamma, "you shall have it right away; only just let me see where this beautiful paper is published, and how much it costs for a year. Only three dollars! Well, I am surprised; such a treat as this every week for three dollars, and I've just been starving for it without knowing it. I must find some way of raising that little sum."

Mrs. Franklin's dressmaker was surprised when she was informed that her cashmere dress was to be only cut and basted, for this once she wished to make the dress herself.

But during the week Mrs. Franklin had subscribed for that religious paper, also for a juvenile magazine for Aggie and Willie. And the funniest and best part of all was, Mrs. Franklin never so much as peeped into that religious journal the next Sunday afternoon. It happened in this wise:

Mr. Franklin, holding an unlighted cigar in his fingers, paused at the library door on his way out to the club-room; lying on the table, just taken from its wrapper, was the paper.

"Halloo, wife, what have you got here?" he said pleasantly; and holding his cigar between his teeth, he casually opened the smooth sheet and began reading; he read on and on without looking up to see his wife's amused face,

and pretty soon with his eyes still fixed on the paper, he slowly backed into a chair. After a while he slipped his cigar into his vest pocket, and his head on to the back of a chair.

At the end of an hour he looked up at his wife, who was contentedly reading a chapter in the Bible. "Where did you get this paper, wife?" he asked.

"I've subscribed for it," she said; then she added, with quick, womanly tact, "and every Sunday afternoon you'll find it on the library table awaiting your perusal; and Horace, dear," she went on, affectionately, "I do wish you would get into the habit of reading at home Sundays, instead of going to the club-room. I've done wrong not to have a paper of that kind before, but now it will come regularly."

"I don't know but that you wanted this," said Mrs. Franklin, with a sudden recollection of possibly neglected manners.

"Oh, no!" his wife replied. "I shall have all the evening to read." "Well," he rejoined, "I don't know when I've felt so interested in a paper before. Not but that I read papers enough, in all conscience, but this one is different from my dailies, and its tone is somehow—well, it's decidedly a change, and in some respects a refreshing one."

When Aggie came in, she begged for a story, and with Aggie on one knee and Willie on the other, Mr. Franklin read to them until tea-time.

Before many weeks Mrs. Franklin remained away from an expensive concert she had thought of attending, and subscribed for another religious paper; for to her delight, Mr. Franklin made a habit of taking that great ample sheet of twenty-four pages, and enjoying it every Sunday afternoon, declaring himself that he had lost all inclination to chit-chat at the club-room of a Sunday.

And Mrs. Franklin only wonders that she was ever so blind to her own and her family's best interests, as to neglect placing before them a strong, live religious paper, while the good to her own soul she gleams from their fruitful, instructive pages, she declares to be simply incalculable. —Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever, in Christian at Work.

Is observing how little Christ's cause has sometimes suffered from its avowed enemies, and how often the very means they employed to hinder have helped it on, I have thought of the eagle, which rises slowly amid the calm of serene and sunny skies; but, spreading its wings to the storm and turning even adverse winds to advantage, soars aloft in tempests that strike other birds with dismay, dark the face of heaven, and roar through the troubled air. God so makes the wrath of man to praise him, and restrains the remainder of wrath, that the almost universal experience of his church and people has been that of Israel in the land of Egypt—the more they were afflicted, the more they multiplied and grew. —Guthrie.

Do it Well.

Whatever you do, do it well. The slightest of a task because it is apparently unimportant leads to habitual neglect, so that men and women degenerate insensibly into bad workers. Training the hand and eye to do the work well leads persons to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is, in most cases, a good citizen. —Ex.

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Illinois Central Railroad.	
Going North—	
Express—Leaves New Orleans 9:15 a. m., arrives at Jackson 5:15 p. m., leaves 6:45 a. m., arrives at Grand Junction at 3:40 a. m.	
Mail—Leaves New Orleans 5:30 p. m., arrives at Jackson 12:35 a. m., leaves 12:40 a. m., reaches Grand Junction 8:50 a. m.	
Mixed—Leaves New Orleans 7:15 a. m., reaches Jackson 5:30 p. m., leaves 6:15 p. m., reaches Grand Junction 1:15 a. m.	
Going South—	
Express—Leaves Grand Junction 1:20 p. m., reaches Jackson 10:30 p. m., leaves 10:35 p. m., reaches New Orleans 7 a. m.	
Mail—Leaves Grand Junction 7:10 p. m., arrives at Jackson 3:30 a. m., leaves 3:35 a. m., arrives at New Orleans 10:45 a. m.	
Mixed—Leaves Grand Junction 3:50 a. m., arrives at Jackson 8:0 a. m., leaves 9:50 a. m., arrives at New Orleans 5:20 p. m.	
Vicksburg and Meridian Railroad.	
East Bound Trains.	
Mail—Leaves Vicksburg 8:00 p. m., arrives at Jackson 10:20 a. m., leaves at 10:35 p. m., arrives at Meridian at 4:20 a. m.	
Express or Accommodation—Leaves Jackson 7:30 a. m., arrives at Vicksburg 9:5 a. m., leaves Vicksburg 1:10 p. m., and arrives at Jackson 3:40 p. m.	
Local Freight—Leaves Jackson 1:15 a. m., arrives at Jackson at 8:35 a. m., leaves at 1:15 p. m., arrives at Jackson at 6:45 p. m.	
West Bound Trains.	
Mail—Leaves Meridian 10:20 p. m., arrives in Jackson 3:20 and leaves at 3:40 a. m., arrives at Vicksburg 6:00 a. m.	
Local Freight—Leaves Jackson 9:0 a. m., arrives in Jackson at 3:45 and leaves at 4:30 p. m., arrives in Vicksburg at 9:00 p. m.	
Natchez, Jackson and Columbus.	
Eastward—Leaves Natchez daily at 4:15 p. m., arrives Jackson at 9:45 p. m.	
Westward—Leaves Jackson daily at 6:15 a. m., arrives Natchez 11:50 a. m.	
Freight Train, daily, Sunday excepted, leaves Jackson 9:00 a. m., arrives from Natchez at 6:30 p. m.	
Yazoo and Mississippi Valley.	
Going North—Leaves Jackson 6:30 a. m., arrives at Yazoo City 10:20 a. m.	
Going South—Leaves Yazoo City at 1:30 p. m., arriving at Jackson at 5:30 p. m.	
M. & O. R. R.—At Meridian.	
SOUTH.	
No. 1 Arrives 5:30 a. m. No. 2 Arrives 10:45 p. m.	
No. 1 Leaves 7:15 p. m. No. 2 Leaves 7:30 p. m.	
No. 3 Arrives 7:25 p. m. No. 4 Arrives 7:32 a. m.	
No. 5 Leaves 7:40 p. m. No. 6 Leaves 7:52 a. m.	
The Southland passenger train leaving Meridian at 7:52 a. m., arrives in Mobile at 1:30 p. m., and the train going North leaves Mobile at 2 p. m., and arrives at Meridian at 7:25 a. m.	
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